CAPTAIN MARVEL #29
"TIME FLIES PART 3: FUTURE SHARES"

KEEP YOUR GUARDS AT A DISTANCE, TYLER STONE, UNLESS YOU HAVE AN OVERWHELMING DESIRE TO DEAL WITH MULTIPLE CORPSES.

HOLD YOUR POSITION, GENTLEMEN. NO NEED TO RESORT TO SHOOTING MR. THANATOS HERE.

EXCELLENT PHILOSOPHY TO HAVE, TYLER... PARTICULARLY CONSIDERING YOUR WEAPONS WOULD BE HELPLESS AGAINST ME.

SO... WHAT'S YOUR PLAN NOW? HOW MUCH TIME ARE WE GOING TO WASTE -- ?

TIME?

AHAHAHAHAH HAHAHAH HAHAHA HAHAHA

WELL, IT'S CERTAINLY NICE TO SEE SOMEONE WHO ENJOYS HIS WORK.

WAK

OWWW!

He is **Genis**, son of the legendary intergalactic hero Mar-Vell! Linked by destiny to professional super hero sidekick **Rick Jones** through the atom-exchanging nega-bands, he is driven by cosmic awareness to seek out and eliminate those forces which threaten the universe! **Stan Lee Presents:**

TIME FLIES

CAPTAIN MARVEL

PART 3:

OUCH, BABE. LOOKS LIKE *THAT* HURT.
YOU *ASKED* ME, CAPTAIN MARVEL. YOU SAID YOU WANTED TO KNOW THE TRUTH. SO NOW I'VE TOLD YOU.
THIS *"THANATOS"* PERSON EFFECTIVELY *KILLED* ME USING A WEAPON HE CALLED THE SPEAR OF DESTINY. AND VERY SOON, I MUST BRING YOU TO HIM, GENIS, AT A PLACE CALLED *"VIRTUAL UNREALITY"* AT SOME OTHER PLACE CALLED ALCHEMAX...
...OR YOU CAN KISS OLD STARFOX GOOD-BYE.
NOT IN THE *LITERAL* SENSE, OF COURSE.

FUTURE SHARES

Peter David writer **ChrisCross** pencils **Anibal Rodriguez** inks **Chris Sotomayor** colors
RS & Comicraft's Albert Deschesne letters **Sumerak n' Youngquist** assistant editors
Tom Brevoort editor **Joe Quesada** editor in chief **Bill Jemas** president

WHAT... IS THAT? IT LOOKS LIKE... SOME SORT OF MOLECULAR *STEW*...

AS IT WAS EXPLAINED TO ME, IT'S CALLED CHRONOPARTICLES. THANATOS USED THE SPEAR OF DESTINY TO INSERT THEM INTO MY THROAT... KEEP MY INJURY *TEMPORALLY* INERT.

I WOULD HAVE RETURNED TO TITAN, TRIED TO HAVE MY CONDITION ATTENDED TO THERE... BUT HE WARNED ME THE PARTICLES WOULD DISSIPATE IF I WENT TO ANY WORLD EXCEPT EARTH.

HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN BLUFFING, BUT I DIDN'T DESIRE TO CALL HIM ON IT.

SO... NOW YOU KNOW.

WE KNOW?! WE KNOW JACK!

WE KNOW JACK.

WE DO?

APPARENTLY, YES.

WHO'S JACK?

I... DON'T ACTUALLY *KNOW*.

THEN WHY DID YOU BRING THIS JACK PERSON INTO IT AT --

I JUST MEANT WE DIDN'T REALLY KNOW ANYTHING!

WHAT WE... THAT IS, I... WAS *TRYING* TO SAY IS THAT WE REALLY *DON'T KNOW ANYTHING*.

IT'S KIND OF REFRESHING TO MEET SOMEONE THAT PROUD OF HIS OWN *IGNORANCE*.

WAIT HERE, GABRI. I SEE WHERE THIS IS GOING. MIGHT AS WELL BE READY FOR IT.

BUT I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND. WHO IS THIS... THIS THANATOS?

A MADMAN. A MADMAN WITH A SPEAR. BEYOND THAT, I'VE NO CLUE...

HE CLAIMS TO HAVE EXISTED AT A TIME WHEN ALL THE LIGHTS OF THE HEROIC AGE WERE EXTINGUISHED.

SUPPOSEDLY HE WAS *"DISCORPORATED"* IN THE FINAL FIGHT, AND FLOATED AROUND HELPLESS, UNTIL ENERGY FROM THE BEGINNINGS OF THE VIRTUAL UNREALITY PROJECT AT ALCHEMAX SOMEHOW STRENGTHENED HIM.

AND JUST WHAT IS THIS *"VIRTUAL UNREALITY"* THAT SO INTERESTS HIM?

IT'S A GATEWAY TO VARIOUS REALITIES... INCLUDING HIS. HE SAID IT WAS HIS *"PLACE OF POWER."*

AND HOW DO *YOU* KNOW ALL THIS?

BECAUSE I GOT DRAGGED IN THERE WITH HIM...

...AND HE SHOCKIN' NEAR *KILLED* ME.

AND YOU'RE GETTING INVOLVED WITH HIM *AGAIN?* MIGGY, IT'S NUTS!

YEAH. YEAH, I *KNOW.* WELCOME TO MY *WORLD,* LITTLE BROTHER.

BE PROUD OF HIM, GABRIEL. HE DOES THESE THINGS... BECAUSE HE'S HEROIC. BECAUSE HE STRIVES TO REACH A GREATER IDEAL OF BEHAVIOR. BECAUSE --

BECAUSE I'M AN *IDIOT.*

YOU. *RED.* DO THAT THING AGAIN WHERE YOU TAKE OUT THE WINDOW WITH YOUR BRAIN, OKAY?

GREAT. THANKS.

WELL, GENTLEMEN? YOU COMING? I'M LED TO BELIEVE THAT MR. FOX HERE IS ON THE CLOCK.

APPARENTLY SO.

THEN LET'S FLY. YOU *WANT* ALCHEMAX? YOU *GOT* *ALCHEMAX.*

MEANTIME, IN THE WORLD'S MOST LEISURELY-PACED SUBPLOT...

MARLO? I HATE TO YANK YOU AWAY FROM POTTY DUTY...

UH... MAR...?

MARLO? WHAT, UHM... WHAT'RE YOU DOIN'?

SINCE I CAN'T TAPE DOWN THE TOILET, IN CASE CAPTAIN MARVEL OR STARFOX NEEDS TO COME BACK OUT THROUGH IT, I FIGURE I WANT TO BE HERE JUST IN CASE SOMETHING *NASTY* POPS ITS HEAD OUT.

LIKE... A RAT?

A RAT. YEAH. OR *MEPHISTO.* GOTTA BE PREPARED FOR *ANYTHING.*

IS IT AS *FUN* BEING YOU AS IT *LOOKS?*

IT'S JUST THAT THE UPS GUY IS HERE WITH THE NEW COMICS, AND YOU USUALLY LIKE TO SIGN FOR THOSE.

OH. RIGHT.

HERE. IF ANYTHING MOVES THAT DOESN'T HAVE A STARRY FACE, LET FLY.

Y'KNOW... BILL LIEBOWITZ'S EMPLOYEES ONLY HAVE TO SELL COMIC BOOKS. *THEY* DON'T HAVE TO PLAY WHACK-A-MOLE WITH A TOILET.

SEE WHAT THEY'RE MISSING OUT ON?

I THINK I'M STARTING TO FORGET WHAT HAVING A *NORMAL* DAY IS LIKE.

OH, BOO HOO. I'M A GHOST THAT ONLY MARLO SEES. SO YOU GET NO SYMPATHY POINTS FROM *ME.*

LIGHT LOAD THIS WEEK, PAUL.

NO COMPLAINTS HERE. I *PREFER* GOING RIGHT IN, DUMPING MY LOAD, AND GETTING OUT FAST.

YOUR WIFE MUST *LOVE* THAT.

AH, THE GLAMOROUS LIFE OF RUNNING A COMIC BOOK STORE. THE THRILLS, THE EXCITEMENT...

...THE UNSOLD INVENTORY... THE GUESSWORK...

I'VE GOT TOO MUCH BACKSTOCK SITTING AROUND. I GOTTA FIND SOME WAY TO MOVE IT OUT... BECAUSE OTHERWISE, WHEN IT COMES TO FUTURE ORDERS...

HAR-DEE-HAR. YOU'RE A *RIOT,* MARLO.

SEE YOU NEXT WEEK.

...THERE'S GONNA HAVE TO BE SOME PRETTY DRASTIC SLASHING AROUND HERE.

STARFOX... WHAT HAPPENS ONCE WE ARRIVE AT THIS ALCHEMAX PLACE?

I'M NOT SURE. WHEN SOMEONE HAS A SPEAR THROUGH YOUR THROAT, YOU'RE NOT IN MUCH OF A POSITION TO ARGUE.

YEAH, ABOUT THAT *SPEAR*, MARV...

...HE SAID IT WAS THE "*SPEAR OF DESTINY*"?

YES, THAT'S RIGHT. YOU'VE HEARD OF IT, RICK?

OHHHHH YEAH. ***MAJOR*** ARTIFACT OF POWER. SUPPOSEDLY IT WAS USED BY A ROMAN SOLDIER TO STAB JESUS ON THE CROSS.

AH. I SEE. AND JESUS WOULD BE...?

LONG STORY ***SHORT:*** NICE JEWISH BOY WHO WENT INTO HIS FATHER'S BUSINESS.

INCOMING!

WHERE? I DON'T SEE ANYTHING...?

YOU *WILL!*

OH. OKAY.

THE THING IS, THE SPEAR'S POWER IS POSSIBLY LIMITLESS.

HITLER BELIEVED IF HE COULD GET IT, HE WOULD TRIUMPH OVER THE ALLIES.

ADOLF HITLER? LEADER OF THE NAZIS?

HIM YOU'VE HEARD OF?

RICK, YOU WATCH "*RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK*" EVERY TIME IT'S ON CABLE.

HOW COULD I ***NOT*** HAVE HEARD OF HIM?

"SITUATION EMERGENCY GEAR. SIEGE FOR SHORT. HIGHLY TRAINED, VERY NASTY."

ANCILLARY TARGETS: SPIDER-MAN, AND A BEING WITH STARS TATTOOED ON HIS FACE.

RED-HAIRED INDIVIDUAL IS EXUDING PARTICLES MATCHING THE WAVE SIGNATURE WE'VE BEEN PROVIDED. HE'S DEFINITELY OUR TARGET.

STATUS OF ANCILLARY TARGETS?

DISPOSABLE.

KRAKOOOM

WELL, I THINK WE CAN SAFELY SURMISE WHO THEY'RE INTERESTED IN.

OKAY! I'LL DRAW OFF THESE TWO, AND TRY TO BRING THEM AROUND SO WE CAN --

BRAKYON!

OR I COULD JUST BLOW THEM OUT OF THE AIR.

YEAH, *THAT* WOULD WORK.

CONCENTRATE ALL FIRE ON THAT ONE!

GENIS! FOR *TITAN'S SAKE...!*

WE DON'T HAVE... HAVE *TIME* FOR THIS...!

EH?

I'M NOT SURE IF MY WEBBING HAS ENOUGH TENSILE STRENGTH TO SNAP AN ARMORED NECK.

MIGHT BE *INTERESTING* TO FIND OUT.

SPIDER-MAN! *HOLD ON!* I'LL BE *RIGHT* THERE!

YOU *OVERESTIMATE* YOURSELF... AND *UNDERESTIMATE* ME...!

AARRGGHH-!

SOMEBODY... SOMEBODY *HELP*... M...

WHATEVER THANATOS HAS... HAS DONE TO ME...

CAN'T... CAN'T HOLD IT TOGETHER... MUCH LONG --

WHAT IN THE PAMA IS THAT?!

IT'S DOC DOOM'S TIME MACHINE! I'D KNOW IT ANYWHERE!

A TIME MACHINE?! BUT... WHERE DID IT TAKE STARFOX?

WHO AM I, *RIP HUNTER*? HOW THE HELL SHOULD I KNOW?

ALCHEMAX IS MY GUESS! HE SAID THANATOS WANTED HIM THERE.

MY GUESS IS, THANATOS STARTED TO GET IMPATIENT, AND SOMEHOW SENT THAT... THAT THING FOR HIM!

AND IF IT'S THANATOS, IT PROBABLY HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH VIRTUAL UNREALITY. SO IF YOU WANT TO FIND HIM, WE HEAD FOR ALCHEMAX.

BUT OUR INSTRUCTIONS WERE TO CAPTURE YOU AND TAKE YOU THERE!

IF YOU HAD JUST OPENED YOUR MOUTHS, ALL OF THIS COULD HAVE BEEN *AVOIDED!*

GREAT. I'M LOOKING A *HUNDRED* YEARS INTO THE FUTURE, AND WHAT ARE THE TWO BIG ADVANCEMENTS? SPIDER-MAN AND GRATUITOUS FIGHTS. NICE TO SEE HOW MUCH WE ADVANCE.

HEY! MARV! ASK SPIDEY IF HE KNOWS THE FIRST YEAR IN THE 21ST CENTURY THE RED SOX WIN THE WORLD SERIES! I COULD MAKE A FORTUNE ON THAT BET!

I MEAN, YEAH, IT'S KINDA *BACK TO THE FUTURE II,* BUT EVEN SO...

THIS MAY SOUND ODD, BUT... HAVE THE RED SOX *EVER* WON THE WORLD SERIES IN THIS CENTURY?

NO.

NUTS! THE CUBS?

CUBS?

UH-UH.

D'OH!

HOW... HOW DID I...?

SUCCESSFUL TEST OF THE TIME PLATFORM, I'D SAY.

UNFORTUNATELY, IT'S STILL *VERY* LIMITED IN ITS ABILITIES. THE DAMAGE IT SUFFERED IN THE EON WAR WAS RATHER DEVASTATING.

THE *WHAT?*

THE *EON WAR.* THE MASSIVE TEMPORAL CONFLICT WHICH BROUGHT AN END TO WHAT YOU CALL THE FIRST HEROIC AGE.

BUT HISTORY INCLUDES NONE OF THE DETAILS, BECAUSE THE WAR ERASED ALL RECORDS OF ITSELF AFTER IT OCCURRED.

IT WAS THE CHINESE FOOD OF WAR. HALF AN HOUR LATER IT WAS AS IF THERE HADN'T BEEN ONE AT ALL.

KABLAMM

KNOCK KNOCK.

MY, MY. YOU WOULDN'T OLD HOME HAVE HAPPENED TO WEEK. HAVE SEEN TWO *SIEGE* OFFICERS, WOULD YOU?

I'M SURE THEY'RE HANGING AROUND *SOMEWHERE.*

STARFOX... ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

FOR THE MOMENT. THANATOS HERE WAS JUST TELLING US ABOUT THE EON WAR... A TEMPORAL CONFLICT THAT NO ONE REMEMBERS.

HUNH. SOUNDS LIKE THE CHINESE FOOD OF WAR. HALF AN HOUR LATER, IT WAS LIKE THERE HADN'T BEEN A WAR AT ALL.

SO... YOU'RE THANATOS.

AND YOU'RE CAPTAIN MARVEL. THE LATEST IN THE SERIES. COLLECT THEM ALL, AND TRADE THEM WITH YOUR FRIENDS... PROVIDED ANY OF YOUR FRIENDS ARE ALIVE.

MINE ARE ALL DEAD. BUT I'M GOING TO *DO* SOMETHING ABOUT THAT.

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, THANATOS?

YES, WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

OH, LIKE HE'S GONNA TELL YOU GUYS *NOW!*

THE VILLAIN ALWAYS WAITS UNTIL THE HEROES ARE SOMEHOW TRAPPED, AND *THEN* HE SPILLS HIS GUTS! NO WAY IS HE GOING TO TELL Y --

YOU KNOW WHAT? JUST TO BE DIFFERENT... I'LL FILL YOU IN *EARLIER* THAN I REALLY SHOULD. AFTER ALL, WE'RE ALL ADVANCED THINKERS IN 2099, CORRECT?

NEXT YEAR WILL, AFTER ALL, START THE 22ND CENTURY. SO WE NEED NOT BE SLAVES TO TRADI --

ACTUALLY, THE 22ND CENTURY DOESN'T START UNTIL 2101. NEXT YEAR IS REALLY THE *LAST* YEAR OF THE *21ST* CENTURY.

WHAT ARE YOU *TALKING* ABOUT? THE 22ND CENTURY STARTS NEXT YEAR.

NO, IT *DOESN'T.* SEE, THERE WAS NO YEAR ZERO, SO WE COUNT A HUNDRED YEARS FROM --

AW, JUDAS PRIEST, ARE WE GONNA GO THROUGH THAT STUPID ARGUMENT *EVERY* CENTURY?!

AS RIVETING AS THIS DISCUSSION IS, GENTLEMEN, I'M AFRAID... *DESTINY CALLS!*

OUT! EVERYBODY OUT!

STARFOX!

AWWWW NO, YOU DON'T! NOT THIS AGAIN!

AS YOU WISH.

YOU MAY, INSTEAD, DIE RIGHT HERE AND NOW.

KLANG

FWOOP

FAREWELL, 2099! AND *GREETINGS*, MY OLD HOME! GREETINGS TO...

INNERSPACE! THE CROSSROADS WHERE ALL THINGS ARE HAPPENING AT ONCE!

THAT, RICK JONES, IS HOW YOU ARE KEEPING COMMUNICATION WITH CAPTAIN MARVEL, EVEN FROM THE HEART OF THE MICROVERSE! OUR CROSSINGS TO ALTERED REALITIES ARE THROUGH THIS NEXUS WHERE *ALL* IS POSSIBLE!

BUT EVEN THOUGH MY STAY HERE HAS MADE ME MASTER OF INNERSPACE... IT IS REALITY ITSELF THAT I WANT TO REORDER! DOCTOR DOOM'S TIME MACHINE IS ONE OF THE KEYS TO THAT DESIRE! AND THE OTHER KEYS ARE TO BE FOUND...

WHERE...?

WHERE... *ARE* WE?

I...I THINK WE'VE TIME TRAVELED AGAIN. HAVE *YOU* EVER...?

ONCE. I MET THE ORIGINAL SPIDER-MAN. WOUND UP IN BED WITH HIS *WIFE.*

I DON'T REMEMBER INVITING ANY GUESTS. DO YOU, MINISTER?

NO, MAESTRO, I MOST CERTAINLY DO *NOT.*

WELL, WELL, WELL...

WHA...? WHAT AM I... DOING...

...HERE? I... WAS IN THE *MICROVERSE.* SO HOW DID I -- ?

YOU ARE IN A REALITY WHEREIN YOU AND CAPTAIN MARVEL WERE *NEVER* MOLECULARLY BONDED. SO YOU ARE ABLE TO COEXIST WITH HIM.

HOW DID YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT? AND WHERE'S MARV?! WHAT HAVE YOU *DONE* WITH HIM?

ARRANGED FOR HIM TO BE ELSEWHERE... SO WE THREE COULD HAVE THIS MOMENT ALONE.

WE THREE... WHAT?

WE THREE KINGS. THROUGH *THERE,* RICK.

DON'T WORRY. IT WON'T BITE.

HUH?!

Flark.

They say "Flark" now when they're really upset.

I suppose I should be really surprised to see a younger version of myself waltz in here.

But *nothin'* surprises me anymore, I just roll with it.

Get it? Roll with it?

AW, MAN, I DON'T BELIEVE THIS! I JUST GET DONE WITH BEING A *SENIOR CITIZEN*...

...AND NOW I SEE MYSELF LOOKING LIKE I SHOULD BE HOSTING A CABLE HORROR ANTHOLOGY!

...WHAT'S *NEXT*, FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD?! I BECOME A SUPER-VILLAIN?!

WHAT... THE... F --

WELL... SINCE YOU *ASKED*...

SO...

...DUDE...

...WHILE WE WAIT FOR THE FINAL KEY SO THAT I CAN RESHAPE THE WORLD, MAKE SURE I NEVER CREATE THE HULK, AND TAKE OVER THE GALAXY DURING THE KREE-SKRULL WAR...

...DO YOU HAVE ANY BEER AROUND HERE?